THE PLANET

SATURDAY...... ......OCTOBER 3, 1903

GYPSY GIRL AUCTION.

Seven Maidens Sold at Prices Ranging from Eighty to Twelve Hundred Dollars.

Seven girls were sold at auction in Chicago a few days ago.

The highest price paid was $1,200 for a young woman of exceptional beauty. The lowest price was $80.

The girls thus disposed of like slaves or cattle are members of the tribe of Russian gypsies encamped at Archer avenue and Forty-sixth street.

The buyers of the girls are men connected with the tribe.

The Chicago Examiner says the sale was conducted much after the manner of the southern institution that perished in the civil war, and was accompanied with similar scenes.

A big gypsy, one of the leading men,

LYDA WAS PUT ON THE BLOCK FIRST.

conducted the sale and acted as auctioneer.

The girls offered for sale stood in line near one of the tents and were dressed in all their weird finery. They were inspected and prospective buyers argued one with the other upon the comparative merits of the young women.

With the Russian gypsies beauty alone is not taken into account. Ability in necromancy and fortune telling, power to win money from others, is thought more of than anything else.

A girl 18 years old, known in the neighborhood as Lyda, was put on the block first. She was noted for her marvelous beauty and acuteness. She has the reputation of having made more money by telling fortunes than any of the other maidens in the camp.

A tribesman started the bidding on her at $500. There is a young man in the camp who thinks much of Lyda. He has a small amount of money, but not enough to bid against this figure. The girl was sold at $750.

A girl of 12 was next disposed of at $80. Others went at $160, $200 and $600.

The beauty of the camp, Mydid, was reserved as the last to be sold. A half dozen bidders contested for her. Five hundred, then $600 was bid, on up to $1,150.

There the figure stood for a time and the auctioneer was about to close the sale when $1,200 was bid by a tribesman known as Jake, who is one of the wealthy men of the colony.

HAD A FREEZING RIDE.

Two Young Georgians Taken Out of a Refrigerator Car in Almost Frozen Condition.

As a result of a banter, Lewis Hopkins and Tracey Matthewson, of Augusta, Ga., the latter married, were taken out of a refrigerator car nearly frozen to death after being eleven hours in the car without food or drink. On Wednesday night these two, with a young man named Stovale, decided, as a joke, to beat their way from Augusta

THEY WERE ALMOST FROZEN.

to Kansas City. At the freight yards they entered the first open car they found, and went to sleep.

After a few hours Stovale became so cold that he left the car and returned to the city. He realized the danger his companions were in, and notified Hopkins' brother, but the train had gone. At Belair, eight miles out, the conductor sealed the car doors. Tracers were sent after the car, and it was found at five o'clock the following afternoon in the Atlanta freight yard. When the young men were taken out they were almost frozen.

Stick to Old Methods.

So little have the industries of India been affected by the British occupation that the native smith still forges locally made iron on a stone anvil within 80 miles of Simla.

A SOLDIER'S PREMONITION

Tragic Reminiscence of the Great Civil War

There are but few persons living who have not at some time in their lives had some superstitious feelings regarding death. It matters not under what circumstances or conditions these may creep upon us, few live whom they have not touched. A case is well in my memory, and I propose to give the same in a simple, unvarnished manner, and let the reader draw his own inference, writes Herman Beyland, in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Ferdinand Borz was a volunteer in the famous Ninth Ohio volunteer infantry regiment at the outbreak of the civil war, commanded by the lamented Robert L. McCook, and did his duty nobly as such. For his good behavior, his studious qualities and other good traits he was soon promoted to a noncommissioned officer in company A, of which he was a member. In all campaigns and marches, in each and every fight that he participated in, he showed the qualities that good soldiers are composed of—studious and painstaking in camp and on the march and fearless and courageous in battle and on the skirmish line. Always prim and proper in appearance, clean and tidy in person and of manly character above reproach, Borz was a pattern of young manhood such as thousands were who volunteered in those dark days. In conversation and deportment always clean, no evil language tainted his speech; scrupulously honest and exact in all his dealings, he was a young man to be proud of; the men loved him, the officers extolled and praised him; and, withal, he was one of the most congenial comrades in the entire company. Like many another, he had dependent parents at home, and for them he saved up the stipend he received as pay from the government. I never knew him to grumble at short rations, or weary marches, or confinement in camp life; his disposition and character were much above that. Taking it for granted that we had volunteered and had expected all these hardships, he beautifully resigned himself to all exactions of the struggle in which we had voluntarily engaged.

"WHAT AILS YOU, ANYWAY?"

During the confining enforced encampment we endured in Chattanooga immediately after the terrible struggle gone through in the famous battle of Chickamauga he was a frequent visitor at my quarters, all of us living in casements immediately adjacent to the rifle pits or in similar entrenchments, made of railroad rails, which had to be carried to the place upon our shoulders for miles, in the confined space allotted to us. At several calls I noticed his more than usually downcast spirits—none of us were too highly elated at our immediate prospects and our very short rations—and he seemed particularly low and downhearted on this evening, prior to the first day of the battle of Missionary Ridge. After inviting Borz to a seat on the bunk beside me, I inquired of him: "What ails you, anyway; and why are you so crestfallen lately?" After laying down his pipe—he was, as nearly all of us were, an inveterate smoker—he said to me:

"Well, Herman, I want to make a clean breast of my feelings to you to-night; have had it on my mind for some time, and to-morrow it will be too late, for we are going into a big battle, and I will be killed in it. Here are some papers of mine and some money for the folks, and as you are now promoted to lieutenancy in the Kentucky heavy artillery and soon going home north, you take all these and deliver them for me, and wish all of them a God bless you and a good-by for me. Tell them that I have made my peace with my God and Creator, and not to worry about my death; it is for our glorious country, and, as far as concerns myself, I care little, and cheerfully meet my fate, for I know I will be killed! . . ."

After unburdening himself of this load he looked at me long and steadily from out his deep blue eyes, as much as to say: "Well, boy, I expect I astonished you." Such was my condition of feelings exactly. I turned upon him with all the eloquence I had at my command, exhorted him to eschew all such feelings, to disperse any such thoughts, and not to give way to any such nonsense, not to mind forebodings or forewarnings; and, as a rivet to the argument, showed him that as he had been in many a skirmish and many a battle, and came forth without a scratch, so he would out of the coming conflict, and escape unharmed.

"No," he answered, "it is of no avail. I am to be killed in to-morrow's battle. All your talk will not persuade me to the contrary!"

I labored with him to the very best of my ability until tattoo was sounded on the bugles for retreat, all to no purpose and of no avail. I refused to take his papers and refused to deliver message or money to his folks, expecting thus to dissuade him from his fixed hallucination or infatuation.

He left my bunk for his own when lights out was sounded on the bugles, wishing me good-by, and asking me if I would not kindly explain to his folks, etc.

I laughed at his proposition, saying: "You will think better of it by morning."

At about two o'clock in the morning we heard our bugles sound the alarm. We formed in line, left our quarters at Fort Negley, marched to the center in front of the enemy on Missionary Ridge, and held that position until ordered to charge the enemy's rifle pits, which we captured. After this charge I looked for my noble comrade, Ferdinand Borz. I found him lying face down, his finger on the trigger of his Springfield rifle, ready to fire, but he was stone dead. A bullet had entered his neck just where the backbone connects, and thus his life had gone out, as so many lives had to go out that day, only that his death had been premonitorially announced to him. Who is it that shall say he did not know! And who will gainsay the great poet: "Verily, Horatio, there are more things in Heaven and earth than thou and I have ever dreamed of in our philosophy."

"NOT APPROVED."

Leader Needed Who Could Smell a Hog Fifty Feet Distant.

"In the winter of 1863-4," said a grand army man over a glass of refreshing beer after the Memorial day parade, "my regiment went out on the line one February day to take its turn at picket duty. The enemy had an outpost at a log house half a mile in our front, and were so annoying with their sharpshooters that it was determined to capture the place and hold it long enough to burn down the house. Forty of us were detailed under command of a captain, and one dark night we set out through the woods. The object was to get as close as possible before we rushed, and we were a full hour in making that half mile. We finally drew near the house, and had struck the path between the house and the barn and were ready to line up, when we got a scare to lift us out of our boots.

"There was a big hog sleeping on the path, and as our captain got within three or four feet of him the animal was disturbed. He was a good confederate hog, and as he woke up he charged. He struck the captain full tilt and bowled him over, and before he had finished with us he knocked four or five others down and started a panic. In the darkness and excitement nobody knew whether he had a hog or an infernal machine to deal with, and as the confederates in the house began blazing away the 40 of us got up and did some tall running into the federal lines.

"The captain didn't have a fair start with the rest of us, and the first thing he did after getting in was to prefer charges against every man who had outran him. If he could have had his way about it every man would have been court-martialed, but as his charges reached the colonel the latter read and returned them with the indorsement:

" 'Not approved. If the captain hadn't been upset by a hog his men wouldn't have been upset by him. The head being upset, the tail naturally ran away. Try again, but let some one lead who can smell a hog 50 feet away.' "

City of Billiard Players.

Glasgow possesses more public billiard rooms than any other city in the United Kingdom.

Dairying Conditions in This Country and Europe

Our Milk Supply Is Better and Cleaner and Our Methods Superior to Those of the Old World.

WITH practically every large city in America making strenuous efforts to improve the quality of milk supplied to the public the subject of dairying assumes a new interest, and a comparison of the methods in vogue in this country and Europe may be of practical benefit to those interested in the subject, and should also prove gratifying to American pride, so far superior are our methods when compared with those of Europe.

To begin with, the housing and care of dairy cows from which the public must secure their milk and milk products, no foreign country shows, as a rule, in general practice, any methods or conditions better than those of America. The average conditions everywhere are bad enough, with opportunities for very great improvement; but such improvement is being made as rapidly in this country as anywhere. Nowhere else is there a better appreciation of the importance and economy of abundant room, light, air, dryness, comfort, and cleanliness for cows. One hears much of the close relations between the dairy cows and the families of their owners in Holland and Switzerland, connecting apartments, under the same roof, etc.; but the stables which are seen in summer converted into conservatories and rooms for weaving and cheese curing are the exceptional and show places. Even the best of these, when visited in midwinter, with the cattle in place, are often dark, close, ill ventilated, crowded and insanitary in many respects, although frequently kept clean. The construction of cow stables generally in the dairy regions of the old world is of a substantial kind, but with little regard to light and ventilation, convenience of arrangement, or ease in cleaning. The labor necessary to keep them in decent condition would be regarded as impossible in this country. The cowhouses of Denmark average the best of all in Europe, but they are no better in any respect than the average of those in the distinctively dairy districts of this country, and there is here far more regard for economy of labor in management. Danish stables are generally kept clean—probably cleaner than in America—but at the cost of a vast amount of cheap labor. In other countries, as well as Denmark, much attention is paid to cleaning the cow stables, but the conclusion has been forced upon us that this is done more from an appreciation of the value of all farm manurial matter and the fixed habit of saving it than from any knowledge or intention of cleanliness as of prime importance in dairying. This is especially shown by the fact that cows are milked in just about as careless and uncleanly a manner in Great Britain and all over Europe as, it must unfortunately be confessed, is the common practice in the United States. The very general use of women as milkers in all foreign dairy districts is a decided advantage; they are vastly better than the average farm laborer, who does all sorts of work during the day. Much attention is being given, especially in England, to perpetuate the custom of employing women instead of men for milking, and to maintain the efficiency of milkmaids; the popular public milking contests at the dairy shows are useful and commendable. Many parts of Europe have the additional advantage of keeping the cows in the fields continuously the greater part of the year and milking them in the open air. This practice does much to insure clean milk and pure products.

MILK DELIVERY FROM CASKS IN HELSINGOR, DENMARK.

The care which is given to milk on the farm where produced, whether it is to go to a milk market or to be made into butter or cheese, with the location, construction and arrangement of dairies or milk rooms, their equipment and management, show great variety and lack of uniformity in every country. The good, the bad, and the indifferent are common to all. Good milk rooms, well located, thoroughly built, shaded, cool, and well kept, are not hard to find in any dairy district. Construction is heavier and more durable in Europe; convenience and ease of management are common in America. Excepting Denmark and Sweden, no country compares with America in the general appreciation and use of cold water and ice in the care of milk. The almost entire absence of refrigeration in France, and the general ignoring of the value of cold in dairying, is truly astonishing. In the matter of dairy appliances and equiment, the United States is surpassed by no other country, although Denmark and parts of Great Britain stand about as well.

The business of transporting, caring for, and distributing milk for consumption in its natural state and for household purposes seems to be in every possible stage of development in different parts of the world. Cows or their substitutes are driven through the streets and milked at customers' doors in British India and the West Indies. Milch goats are managed in the same way even in the best streets of Paris and Rome. The milk service of villages and small towns is conducted in an exceedingly crude, yet often picturesque, manner in some of the oldest dairying regions of Europe. In Scotland, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland milk is still carried in wooden vessels and retailed from them in towns and cities. The local milk service in similar places in the United States is often poor enough, with little regard for care or cleanliness, but nowhere as crudely performed. In most of the big cities of Europe there are large market milk establishments, admirably conducted. There are fine ones in London, better in Copenhagen, and the biggest and best of all in Berlin. Paris probably has the poorest milk service of any of the large cities. There was a time, not many years ago, when a few foreign milk supply establishments far exceeded in many respects the best of like character to be found in America. But at the present time, although some of these European milk companies do a larger business and have more extensive and costly plants, it is the opinon of the writer that we have in the United States a considerable number of establishments for city milk supply which are superior in many respects.

STREET MARKET FOR EDAM CHEESE AT HOORN, HOLLAND.

It is well worthy of note that at a special show of perishable dairy products held as an annex to the Paris exposition, in July, 1900, just outside the city limits, where French producers had every opportunity of exhibiting their goods in the best possible shape (although under unfavorable local conditions after reaching the exhibit), there was a large collection of natural milk and cream. But the only samples of these products, absolutely free from chemical preservatives and uncooked, which were sweet and palatable after noon of the exhibition day, were from the dairies in New York and New Jersey, then 18 days from the cow!

The foregoing facts and conditions as to dairying in the old world apply mainly to countries (and districts in them) where dairying has been for several centuries one of the leading agricultural industries, if not the principal one. American dairying has been developed wholly within one century, and all of its notable progress has been within 50 years. The comparisons made show that there is little for us to learn from foreign countries to improve our dairying.

HENRY E. ALVORD.

Would Have No Trouble.

A cockney wag, while taking his holidays in the Highlands, met an old shepherd driving a flock of sheep, and, wishing to show off a bit, said:

"Now, if I were a shepherd, I would teach the sheep to follow me."

"Oh, ay—an' I've nae doubt ye wid manage it, too, for, if the beasties saw anither sheep in front, they would be sure to follow."—Tit-Bits.

A Conscientious Barkeeper.

Policeman—You say you always refuse to sell a man liquor after he had had as much as is good for him?

Bartender—That's my rule. When he begins to see double, I bounce him.

"An' a good rule it is. But how do you know when he begins to see double?"

"When he hands me five cents for a ten-cent drink and insists that he paid me ten."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Careful Buyer.

"What can I do for you, little girl?"

"Why, I've got a cent to spend for candy, but I don't know what's the best kind to get. Couldn't I try some samples first?"—Chicago American.

Not Charged.

"Pardon me," said the smiling customer, "but is this mineral water charged?"

"Not any," replied the [illegible] girl at the counter; [illegible] pay the [illegible]

Wrong Diagnosis.

"You want to cheer up," said a physician to his patient.

"You don't expect a man to cheer up when he has dyspepsia, do you?" was the disconsolate rejoinder.

"Certainly! Sing, read light literature, jest occasionally—"

"Jest!" rep[illegible]d the sufferer, a sneer [illegible] you're on th[illegible] g [illegible]n't we[illegible]